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A glimpse into the precarious world of private art instruction.
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Cover

Photography buffs will know how it's done but the rest of us will have to wonder. Portage Avenue lights at night, brilliant, exciting and colorful, held and caressed by photographer Robert Taylor's camera, fitting symbols of Winnipeg for our first cover.

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Publisher's Notes

Last summer a young Englishman, Peter Gorge, visited Canada for the second time. Three years before he had come to this country but had ventured no farther west than Toronto. This year he stayed two weeks in Toronto and then announced to his incredulous friends that he was leaving and would spend the remaining nine weeks of his working vacation in Winnipeg.

As he put it in an article in the press: "To judge by the reaction, one would have thought I had made a declaration of war. 'Going where?' What on earth is there in Winnipeg?"

He came nevertheless and fell in love with the city. But he was puzzled by the apologetic, almost defensive, attitude of Winnipeggers themselves, doubly disturbing after the patronizing attitude he had run into in the east. "From the time I arrived, I tried to root out the reason why Winnipeg is so badly misrepresented both at home and abroad," he wrote.

His conclusion was that Winnipeg suffered from a particularly virulent strain of the Canadian malady, popularly called inferiority complex, a vestigial inheritance from our colonial past, shored up by our dependent present.

Most cities have a great deal to be modest about and Winnipeg is no exception. But modesty should be balanced by that old, square quality, pride of achievement. There are some things we have done here as well or better than anywhere in the world. A

city is simply a place for living and living can be done with some style in Winnipeg.

This is what Winnipeg World is all about. We want its pages to be the medium through which the city's achievements can be critically assessed and expressed. Where the highest standards have been reached, we will tell about it but we will also be looking for reasons why these standards haven't always been reached.

The magazine will speak out against shortcomings that prevent Winnipeg from fulfilling its potential.

We at Winnipeg World are immodest enough ourselves to believe this is not an ignoble purpose.

Looking to the future, we are aware of the variety of factors that determine the policy of any magazine. For instance, we must develop a pool of writers, photographers and other skilled people who can look hard at the Winnipeg scene and report what they see. And Winnipeg World must create its own audience.

Next issue the magazine's scope will be broadened as new writers present columns of informed opinion on business, night life and what's happening at our art galleries.

Our feature articles will be interesting, too.

What on earth is there in Winnipeg? A world of good living!

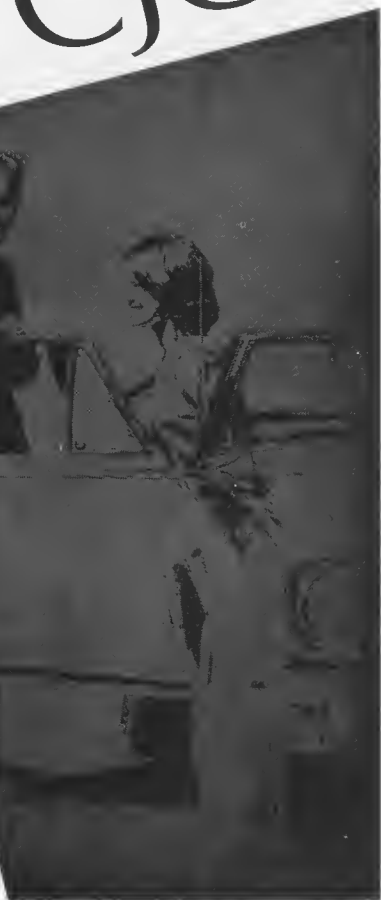
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TURN ON

THE ACTION VOICE OF WINNIPEG

CJ⁶⁸B



Letters

Sir:

Today, Winnipeg is a bustling, thriving metropolis. It is growing residentially and industrially, which is evident everywhere by the construction of new homes and buildings. The publishing of the magazine WINNIPEG WORLD I know will be accepted enthusiastically by the cultural, civic and business leaders throughout the community; but most important, the citizens of this city and readers outside Winnipeg will find it very interesting.

Winnipeg has many exciting sites to offer any visitor and through the pages of WINNIPEG WORLD, many aspects of our city will be explored which I am sure will be most interesting to the visitor as well as the resident. I am confident the reader will find this magazine most informative and enjoyable.

STEPHEN JUBA
Mayor
City of Winnipeg

Sir:

A magazine oriented to the Metropolitan Winnipeg scene can bring the reality and vitality of our diversified life to ourselves and others in a reflective way that other media are unlikely to match. Your plans for the first issue suggests the publishers of WINNIPEG WORLD not only can do this, but will.

Very often it is those who have visited the greatest number of other cities who appreciate Winnipeg the most. A number of other cities now boast magazines, set up as commercial ventures, which likewise examine their own areas in a manner of a specially illuminated mirror. Hence they not only reflect the good in the style of promotion pieces, but also explore the troublesome.

This, we understand, is to be the cut of the suit of WINNIPEG WORLD — a magazine that probes in some depth into the social, economic, artistic sides of life in the greatest urban center between Toronto and Vancouver. The warmest of welcomes,

then, to WINNIPEG WORLD. Winnipeg holds a world of worthwhile stories for you to tell.

JACK WILLIS
Chairman of Council
The Metropolitan Corporation
of Greater Winnipeg

Sir:

The birth of a magazine or newspaper is always a particularly happy occasion, for it represents one more step in the vital and continuing process to keep people informed.

WINNIPEG WORLD begins with high hope, and certainly with the very best wishes of us all. Well-prepared articles about the pattern of life, the problems and successes in Manitoba's capital city can do a great deal to help us know each other better, and to give us more insight into the activities and programs being carried out in our midst.

It is with special pleasure that I wish all associated with WINNIPEG WORLD every success in their new and challenging venture.

DUFF ROBLIN

Sir:

I am delighted to see that you are helping to bring Winnipeg to a par with other leading cities in this country through the publication of WINNIPEG WORLD.

My congratulations and best wishes to you.

LEONARD DAVID STONE
General Manager
Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra

Sir:

May I wish you and your organization every success in your endeavours. I shall look forward to seeing the first copy of the publication.

WALTER C. WEIR
Premier
Province of Manitoba

Sir:

I was very pleased to hear about your project for a new magazine for Winnipeg and am looking forward to the first issue. May we wish you much luck in the success of your new venture.

FERDINAND ECKHARDT
Director
Winnipeg Art Gallery

Sir:

I am glad to see the publication of WINNIPEG WORLD. I am also glad indeed that you have secured the services of Mr. Chester Duncan to write your music column. Subscribers are thus assured that, as far as music is concerned, what they read will be written in good English, and will be based upon informed professional knowledge and experience. We at this School shall be happy to think that some of our not inconsiderable activity in the musical field may be noticed by someone whose opinion — whether favorable or critical — we all respect.

LEONARD ISAACS
Director
School of Music
University of Manitoba

Sir:

It seems to me that WINNIPEG WORLD will greatly enhance the social, cultural, and business life of our city. I would like to wish you every success for its future.

C. G. HARRIS
Vice-President and
General Manager
Security Storage Division of
Motorways Van Lines Ltd.

Sir:

I would like to extend to you on behalf of Council our best wishes for the success of this venture into WINNIPEG WORLD.

G. G. ISBELL
City Clerk and Treasurer
City of Transcona

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This is Lorena Wilson.
She is Happy.



Why not? She has lots to be happy about. She loves our crisp Winnipeg winters and the good theatre fare that goes with them. She loves our incomparable summers, the autumn colors, the modern community where she lives. And the people of Winnipeg. Most of all she likes keeping busy. She is a secretary at Howes, Waldon Associates Limited, the right place for keeping busy. Writers, editors, artists, journalists, photographers, salesmen and everyone who works with her on WINNIPEG WORLD have kept her desk piled high. With the first issue safely in the hands of its readers, Lorena was afraid she might not be quite so busy. She was wrong. She's busier than ever - sharing the satisfaction of being part of the team that helps WINNIPEG WORLD tell the story of this community.

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ANTIGONE

WinnipegWorld

Theatre

Nov. 29 - Dec. 16 — Manitoba Theatre presents a two-part production: "Antigone" by Sophocles, a Greek play; and "Sganarelle", a comedy by Moliere. Both in English.

Dec. 26 - 30 — The Canadian Forces Base Theatre presents "Aladdin", a Christmas Pantomime, performances at Studio 22, Sharp Blvd., at 2 and 3:30 p.m.

Ballet

Dec. 28 - 30 — Royal Winnipeg Ballet Company presents three ballets on one program: "The Golden Age", a ballet in seven scenes set in mid-nineteenth century Paris, choreography by Agnes de Mille, music by Rossini, sets by Rudy Dorn, cos-

tumes by Stanley Simmons. "Slavani" by Winnipeg's Nenad Lhotka. "Pas de Dix" by New York City Ballet Director George Balanchine. All presentations at the Playhouse Theatre.

Exhibitions

Continuing through to Dec. 3 — An exhibition of Photography in the 20th Century, at the Winnipeg Art Gallery.

Continuing through to Dec. 6 — An exhibition of French Playing Cards of the 20th Century, watercolors and preliminary designs, at the Winnipeg Art Gallery.

Nov. 25 - Dec. 22 — An Exhibition of paintings by Winnipeg's Tony Tas-

cona, at the Winnipeg Art Gallery.

Nov. 28 - Dec. 13 — An Exhibition of paintings by Ernest Lindner, at the School of Art, University of Manitoba.

Dec. 4 - 24 — An Exhibition of work by members of the Winnipeg Sketch Club, at the Winnipeg Art Gallery.

Dec. 18 - Jan. 13 — An Exhibition of Contemporary Spanish Painting, at the School of Art, University of Manitoba.

Music

Dec. 6 — Organ Recital by Ronald Gibson, at the School of Music, University of Manitoba at 12:40 p.m.

Dec. 9 - 10 — Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra concert featuring Arthur Fiedler, guest conductor, and David Oistrakh, violinist, at the Winnipeg Auditorium at 8:40 p.m.

Dec. 11 — Celebrity Concert with Spivakowsky, violinist, at the Playhouse Theatre at 8:30 p.m.

Dec. 13 — Premiere Concert of String Trio by S. C. Eckhardt-Gramatté, at the School of Music, University of Man-

itoba, at 12:40 p.m.

Dec. 14 — Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra Concert featuring Fred Stone Jazz Quartet, at the Winnipeg Auditorium, at 8:40 p.m.

Dec. 20 — Premiere performance of the University of Manitoba Choir under the direction of Robert Irwin, with Bernard Naylor at the organ, at the School of Music, University of Manitoba, at 12:40 p.m.

Jan. 9 — Celebrity Concert featuring duopianists Vronsky and Babin, at the Playhouse Theatre, at 8:40 p.m.

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Sports

- Dec. 8 — Hockey, the Nationals vs Calgary Spurs, at the Winnipeg Arena, at 8 p.m.
- Dec. 10 — Hockey, the Nationals vs Manitoba Junior All Stars, at the Winnipeg Arena, at 2 p.m.
- Dec. 16 - 17 — Canadian Olympic Speed skating Championships, Junior and Senior, at Sargent Park, starting at 1 p.m.
- Dec. 26 — Manitoba School Bonspiel, at all Metro Winnipeg Curling Clubs, starting at 9 a.m.
- Dec. 26 - 31 — International Exhibition

Hockey Tournament, at the Winnipeg Arena.

- Dec. 28 — Wrestling at the Winnipeg Auditorium, at 8:30 p.m.
- Jan. 1 — Silver Skate Meet. Speed skating at Sargent Park, at 1 p.m.
- Jan. 1 - 6 — International Hockey at the Winnipeg Arena. Jan. 1 — Canada vs Sweden, 2 p.m.; Jan. 2 — Sweden vs Russia, 8 p.m.; Jan. 3 — Russia vs. Canada, 8 p.m.; Jan. 4 — Sweden vs. Canada, 8 p.m.; Jan. 5 — Sweden vs Russia, 8 p.m.; Jan. 6 — Russia vs Canada, 8 p.m.

NightWorld

The Hollow Mug, International Inn.

"Music Man" — Nov. 18 to Dec. 8, featuring Olie Alto, Gerry Howe, and Violet Clift.

"Mary Poppins" — Dec. 9 to Dec. 30, featuring Norma Vadeboncoeur, The Steiner Brothers, Alphonse Tetreault, and John Cliffe.

"Gypsy" — starts New Year's Eve and continues through to Jan. 19.

Rae and Jerry's Scarlet Lounge

Leon and Harry, music makers.

Pierre's Club 76

December — Jodi Randall, singer from the O'Hare Inn, Chicago. In the Balinese Lounge, folk singer Kelly Clark.

Constellation Room, Airport Hotel

Until December 2, Carol Glade, singer from New York. Entertainment nightly from 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. featuring the Harry Levine Trio.

The Village Inn

Starting November 27th, Thumbelina, 300-pound Go-Go dancer from Minneapolis. In the Lounge, the Worst Banjo Band in the Land, nightly. In the Pub, Go-Go girls Smokey and Cannon Ball Red. Every Saturday afternoon, Talent Show M.C.'d by Winnipeg's Teague Brothers.

Harry Smith's Club Morocco

From December 4 for a two-week singing engagement, Francia Maldonado, Cuban entertainer.

Town and Country's Towers

Presently on a 6-week engagement, The Fendermen, a modern Go-Go entertainment group. Starting the end of December, The Svelts, an all-girl singing quintette. Continuous shows nightly from 9 p.m. to 2 a.m.

NEW YORK

Theatre -

Longacre, 48th St. W. — Daphne in Cottage D, featuring Sandy Dennis and William Daniels in Stephen Levi's sudsy play about an alcoholic widow and a doctor brooding about his lost son whom he has accidentally killed.

Music Box, 45th St. W. — There's a Girl in My Soup, featuring Gig Young as a womanizer who is taken on the hip by teenage swinger Barbara Ferris. A Terence Frisby comedy imported from London.

George Abbott, 54th St. E. — The Unknown Soldier and His Wife, Peter Ustinov's attempt at a satire on war through the ages. Brian Bedford stars as a recurring general.

Broadhurst, 44th St. W. — More Stately

Music -

Metropolitan Opera, Lincoln Center—continues through to April 20.

Madison Square Garden Center — Open-

Mansions, with Ingrid Bergman, Arthur Hill and Colleen Dewhurst in Eugene O'Neill's autobiographical drama.

St. James, 44th St. W. — Hello, Dolly! now starring Betty Grable in the role of Lily Langtry.

Martin Beck, 45th St. W. — Hallelujah, Baby! with Leslie Uggams and Robert Hooks in the leading roles. A Negro lass and her lad try to make something of themselves in a hostile environment.

Coming Soon — How Now, Dow Jones, a musical; Everything in the Garden, by Edward Albee, and The Promise, by Russian playwright Aleksei Arbuzov, presently running in London.

ing events performed by the massed bands, drums, pipes, and dancers
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In The Provinces

About Town

1. David Moroni, principal dancer with the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, studies with intense concentration as he prepares for the company's December performances.

2. With the Pan Am Games a happy memory, Jim Daly has now entered the world of the University of Manitoba as Assistant to Physical Education Director Frank Kennedy. Here he enjoys a conversation with two of his new associates,

Lee Southern, center, a member of the University's track and field team, and Didus Zuzens, of the Department of Agriculture.

3. With Hallowe'en coming so infrequently, children have to make the most of it. These enterprising youngsters found the city's yellow street-painting markers the right size for their Hallowe'en disguises.



This is Frank Bain Subscriber No. 1



Frank's a real professional. In fact, he's probably Winnipeg's champion highway driver. He has wheeled big tractor-trailer units more than a million and a half accident-free miles. His schedule takes him away from Winnipeg, but always back again. This is the way he likes it because he likes Winnipeg. When Frank Bain heard about WINNIPEG WORLD and what it aims to do for Winnipeg, he said "Great! Just what we've needed all along!" He became subscriber No. 1. Why don't you join Frank and the growing number of tuned-in, thinking, concerned people who want to be sure of getting every issue of Winnipeg World? Mail the card attached elsewhere in this issue. We'll bill you later.

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About Town continued

1. Winnipeg Symphony tympanist Harold Hunter listens for the pitch during an orchestra rehearsal.

2. Centennial visitor David Cornwell, better known by his pen name of John LeCarré, author of "The Spy Who Came In From The Cold", ponders his disenchantment with the spy world during a recent meeting with students at University College.



1



2

3. British songstress Petula Clark enchanted a full house with her talent and personality when she presented an evening of songs recently at the Winnipeg Arena. The petite singer sang in both French and English.

4. Manitoba Centennial Corporation Chairman Maitland B. Steinkopf wears many hats and in this picture, an extra pair of hands, as he dons the robes of his new office as first Chancellor of the University of Brandon.



3



4



1. CNR section men Steve Dilny and Albert Desrochers, show the true spirit of the railroad gang during a pause in their labors at Union Station.

2. Winniepegger Joan Gaudreau, formerly of Ice Capades, twirled a hoola-hoop on ice during Eaton's recent Snow Show.

3. One of the largest audiences ever to attend a testimonial dinner in Winnipeg gathered to honor the retirement of T. O. Peterson as President and Chairman of the

Board of Investors Syndicate. With Mr. Peterson are, left, Peter Curry, a Director, and, center, C. E. Atchison, President.

4. The Manitoba Theatre Center's Black and White Ball attracted a glittering crowd at the International Inn. Among the guests were, from left to right, Mr. and Mrs. John Fraser, Mr. David Genser, Mrs. James E. Searle, Mr. Searle, and Mrs. Genser.





Music Chester Duncan

Is Winnipeg really musical?

Since the answer to a question like this cannot be unequivocal, let's see what can be suggested by way of an argument between **pro** and **contra**. It is only polite to give **pro** the last word.

Con.: Winnipeg is in music what Bud Grant used to say of Vancouver even when it was winning ball games — **bush**. In what can be called the days of the provincial pioneer they used to say that Winnipeg was musical, because it was nothing else in the arts, and deserved to be something.

It deserved it on account of what grew to be the longest Musical Competition Festival in the world, the presence of a couple of crack adult choirs, and a small group of very talented children who were not only prodigies in music but prodigious in finding out how important it was to leave town. Now the crack choirs are gone, and the Festival, always too big for its boots, now has boots far too big for the ghosts of Easter past that now flit through empty halls. With a dogged, Manitoba persistence, however, a large number of almost unnaturally perfect performances by uneducated children and students, heard and often hated by their peers, parents and adjudicators, contribute to the illusion that this is the sort of thing for which Winnipeg is justly famous. The truth of the matter is, however, that after winning the broad jump or the group of three songs, few competitors return. Putting away childish things is a regular part of graduation ceremonies in these parts. Often those who by some magical circumstance as children committed an act of beauty on the public stage retire at puberty into the prairie flat and are never heard of again.

As far as musical education is concerned, we are living in the age of the Great Disappointment. Aging music teachers are still busy as beavers, damming up the wash of Who Needs It?, biting their nails and preparing the way for the musical Future, which keeps retiring like a horizon from the child. After all these years and this work, surely, somehow, there would be at least a musical public?

There isn't a musical public here, though there is a surprising, endearing number of people who bear all sorts

of torture and boredom for the sake of an art that is sometimes mildly interesting to them, and who have to be propped up by gimmicks, semi-pop decorations, and chances for snobbery. But it's awfully hard to get them to the concerts that really count. Of course the concerts that really count can be counted very easily. Unless you search very carefully you will fail to find chamber music, song recitals, or choral recitals of any distinction. You can search for ever and never hear an opera. Years ago those that were heard were immediately suppressed by the authorities.

For years we have had the makings of a good Symphony Orchestra, but we could never win because it always keeps running down. One reason is that the good players keep running into the interference of the poor players. Another reason is the **malaise** (complicated by inveterate meanness) that keeps coming over Winnipeg musicians in the long stretch. Upon occasion they will rise and shine; but then they have to have a rest. There's the matter of money, of course, but more important is the well-known Winnipeg version of the **death-wish**, the fact that those who come here bursting at the seams from enthusiasm are usually found barely limping after a few short years of scarcely concealed disgust.

The days of the completely dedicated musician (like the days of the amateur) are gone; the day of the all-round, complete musician seems never to have arrived. When one is encountered, so strange is his face and so unyielding his manner that Winnipeg immediately wants to make him over in its own glad-handed image. He who is strong enough to refuse or only partly to accept either loses support or his place in this delightful town. That is the story of Melville Cook and perhaps of Victor Feldbrill. More will follow; Winnipeg can break your heart. Winnipeg insists that the musicians who stay here look like true Winnipeggers. That way you can distinguish them from the glamorous visitors who come here on one-night stands and whose fees are measured by the publicity surrounding them. On

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the other hand, some local boys who are, rather than made, good are so steady they're beginning to look like rocks.

As for youth — well, youth has fine pursuit, but its quarry is in a different field. One can hope that folk music will turn into Beethoven some day, but the opposite is more likely. Young Winnipeggers know how to spell the names of some of the great composers.

In desperation, local CBC at times has kept music alive by artificial respiration, but artificial insemination is still impossible. As a result the local producers have become increasingly fed-up and increasingly gloomy, though increasingly ingenious in rationalizing the kind of efficiency that is the enemy of art. Why should musical leadership be offered, anyway, to a city of 500,000 souls when the most creativity it can manage at the moment is about 3½ composers?

Pro.: There are some points **Con.** makes that I must say I find difficult to answer, despite the fact that they are expressed in his customary coarse and unfeeling way. However, there is plenty that must be said, calmly and cheerfully, about Music in Winnipeg. First of all, let's face it: the main problem of our orchestra is money, and

for anyone to suggest it's anything else is subversive. Next, it is a fallacy to say that because we don't like opera we are unmusical. Opera-lovers are inclined to be corny and quite often don't like any other type of music. Also, it is malicious to suggest that because the effects of the Festival are temporary, that they are not intense. And if our faith in music is fickle, every spring it is renewed. Music must be kept up, and even if the lavish amount of musical education doesn't improve matters, it is difficult in these days even to stand still. Not to fall back is an achievement.

My little friend **Contra** has also been misled by the kind of company he keeps. I personally know two or three teen-agers who are mad about good music. Pretty soon there will be enough to form a club.

Contra is also rather patronizing towards the CBC. Granted that it has temporally and locally lost its nerve — but, honestly, what would music here in recent times have done without it? **Contra** should learn to ignore the faces for the fees.

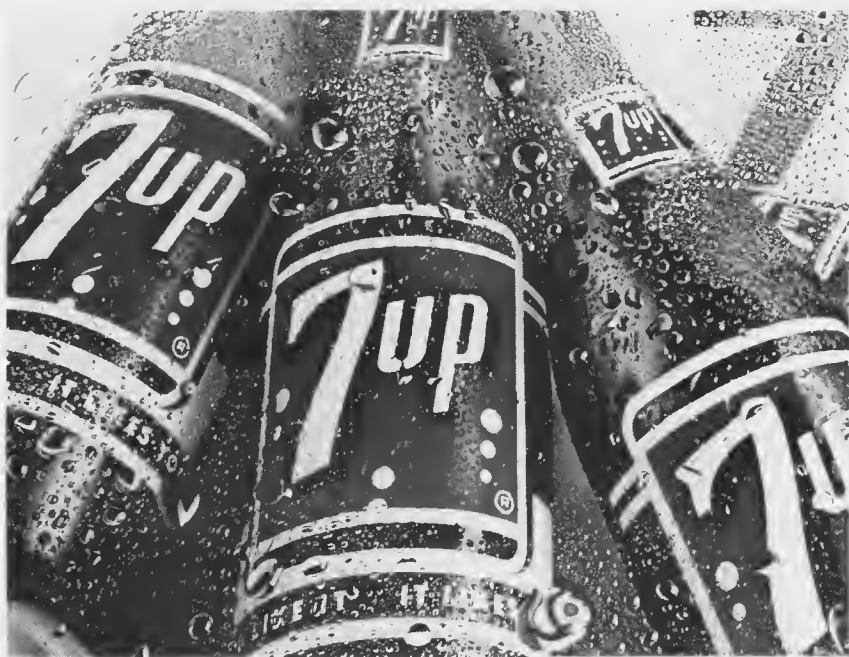
It is also typical of the contrariness of my opponent that he shuts his ears to what is being done these days on the Fort Garry Campus. Our university is becoming the centre of music-mak-

ing in Winnipeg, with almost enough concerts and variety to satisfy the most exacting tastes. That these concerts are not always well attended and do not occur in the centre of the city is beside the point. That they occur at all indicates a change for the better in the whole cultural position of our city.

It's true that we don't seem to have a sufficient number of composers; but it may be that we have high standards of what being a composer means. Perhaps the three we have are even better than we deserve. For remember, we are not London or New York; we are Bristol or Glasgow: a proud provincial centre with a modest future.

The jury will now retire to consider its verdict.

CHESTER DUNCAN is a well-known musician and critic. He is with the Department of English, University of Manitoba.



*Are you missing out
on something great?*





Theatre Chris Dafoe

Dogpatch on the Red?

People who live at the two ends of the country — in British Columbia and in what people in Toronto like to call "central Canada" — are fond of speaking of Manitoba as if it were the Dogpatch of Canada, a sort of cultural Sahara in which the deprived natives, their feet wrapped in rags to keep off the cold, limit their artistic activities to Saturday night barn dances.

Those who live here — and an increasing number of those who do not — know that this is not true. The winters may be cold and miserable but the cultural climate is very warm indeed and has been so for some years.

The city of Winnipeg, in fact, has a theatrical tradition going back to pioneer days, it has the oldest ballet company in North America, its musical life has flourished through all the years of this century and its present symphony orchestra hasn't missed a season since the late 'forties.

On top of all this, Winnipeg has been a great well of talent for years. Writers, actors, singers, musicians and directors who got their early training in Winnipeg are to be found in all the great centres of the English-speaking world. The fact that they no longer reside in the city that produced them casts no dark reflection in Winnipeg. Art is international and universal; artists are not the exclusive property of one city but part of the total wealth of the whole human family. A 'cellist like, say, Nelsova, is not lost to Winnipeg. We share her talents with the whole world.

In spite of these facts, there is still a tendency, especially in eastern Canada, to regard the warm cultural climate of Winnipeg as something almost freakish. The fact is, of course, that there is no reason why a city like Winnipeg shouldn't have a successful theatre, ballet company or symphony orchestra. Good taste is not confined to older settled areas. A prosperous theatre is no more out of place in Winnipeg than it is in Hamburg, Chelsea, Budapest or Dublin.

Theatre springs up where there is a need for it. It vanishes when it is no longer required. When there was no theatre in Winnipeg after the last war a group of people with memories started one and kept it alive until it

grew into the Manitoba Theatre Centre. The contributions of people like Moray Sinclair, Jean Murray, Lady Tupper, Frank Morriss, Margaret Stobie and Arthur Zigouras kept the flame of theatre alive here. Their theatre provided a place for people like John Hirsch to try their wings. When its work was done, the Winnipeg Little Theatre emerged from its cocoon as the Manitoba Theatre Centre. Seeds fell on fertile ground and prospered.

It is possible to suppose that sometime in the future the Manitoba Theatre Centre will cease to exist. Needs, tastes and fashions have changed before. It is said that the once busy Roman theatre at St. Albans in England became, at last, a municipal garbage dump.

At this moment in time, however, Winnipeg seems to require a theatre. A large and eager audience has been developed. People here are developing a taste for good plays.

Those in charge of the MTC are taking pains to see that this trend continues. A special company of actors tours the schools every year seeking essential support from the younger generation. Companies of actors often go out into the province seeking to extend the scope of the theatre beyond the borders of Metro Winnipeg. A workshop theatre has been established for some years across the street from the main MTC theatre where young actors can develop and where, MTC hopes, new playwrights can find their legs. MTC runs a theatre school in Winnipeg and the cream of the young crop of new actors is sent off to the National Theatre School in Montreal. Each year the best graduates of the Montreal school often turn up back at MTC as members of the centre's Young Company.

All this activity stems, in part, from a fear that the present vogue enjoyed by live theatre in Winnipeg could be a passing fancy. The enthusiastic crowds of today could find something else to please them and success could easily turn to disaster. Theatre-going could be no more than a current fad. There is no sure way of knowing. The wise theatre manager grooms his audience of tomorrow to ensure that his theatre doesn't become a municipal

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Printing Broker ?

Webster defines a broker as "a person paid a fee or commission for acting as an agent in making contracts or sales."

Where in the printing industry is there room for a broker? Printing, traditionally, has been a business where manufacturer and consumer deal directly with each other.

During the past decade the printing industry in Manitoba has changed. Among many factors, one of the most important has been the rapid upswing in demand for offset printing. To meet this demand new shops have been built, established shops have been forced to adapt, others have not survived the change. For many, specialization has become the key to success.

In this situation more producers are handing work on to specialty shops and the customer, whether he knows it or not, is buying agency services.

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garbage dump.

While theatres wishing to continue in their success make plans for the future, they must also plan for today and for the season immediately before them. At MTC, Artistic Director Edward Gilbert must be careful to select plays that have broad appeal without catering to the lowest common denominator. So far, he has indicated that he has a special skill in this regard. Since he took over at MTC the programs have had better balance. Quality has not given way, but popular appeal seems to have increased.

The backbone of a community theatre like MTC lies in its season ticket holders and MTC is constantly engaged in a campaign to increase this company of supporters. A large body of season ticket holders is essential in that it provides managers with an assured chunk of working capital and gives them a clearer picture of how the coming season will develop. A theatre like MTC cannot afford to stick its neck out too far. If it counted solely on casual patrons, two failures in succession could put the theatre in dire straits indeed.

The dismal history of the Crest theatre in Toronto should provide a warning to those who think that a theatre can survive without a stout company of regular subscribers. The Crest seemed to think it was enough to simply put on a play and open your doors; people would come and pay. They didn't.

The general public has to be brought into the act. Theatres like MTC and the richly successful London Little Theatre have discovered that audience participation by means of committees, women's organizations and the like, pay dividends.

The world does not owe any theatre, actor or director a living. Public support has to be earned. It is no use telling people they should go to the theatre because it is good for them. Bad theatre isn't good for anyone. Theatre should be supported, if it is good, because it opens doors, it provides pleasure, it awakens the mind and senses, it tells us who we are, it brings the world to us, it informs and it enriches life. It does not "take us out of ourselves"; good theatre makes us aware of ourselves

in ways we never thought possible.

All these things, to be sure, are "good for us" but not in the way that castor oil is good for us. It would be folly to recommend theatre-going in the way one would recommend cold showers or ten mile walks before breakfast. There is pleasure and excitement in the theatre when it is at its best and the time is long past, one hopes, when "pleasure" and "excitement" were popularly equated with sin.

As long as we need all these things, we will need theatre, the dance and music. Winnipeg, at this point in its history, shows no sign of wanting to do without any of them.

CHRIS DAFOE is drama critic and editorial writer for the Winnipeg Free Press.



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Films Len Anderson



I take it as an incontrovertible fact that, generally speaking, the films of the last decade are better than they have ever been before. It is almost as if film makers all over the world, like drugged angels, are slowly awakening out of a stupefying coma to practise their art for the first time. As the sleep slips from their minds, as their eyes slowly begin to re-focus, as their hands and fingers begin to regain their feeling, they move with increasing certitude from success to success.

Many convincing-sounding socio-economic reasons have been put forth to account for this phenomenon, but I don't really believe any of them. Movies are coming into their own because of a general cultural disenchantment with science and the fruits of science. It may seem impertinent (in the real sense of the word) to say that the movie as a true art form was born in the ashes of Buchenwald and Hiroshima but it is, nevertheless, true. The great motion pictures of the past like *The Battleship Potemkin*, *Intolerance* and *Citizen Kane* were "caviary to the general," consistent money-losers, doomed to an eternal round of art theatres and film clubs. Today far less accessible films like *Four Hundred Blows*, *Morgan*, and *8 1/2* are finding large and responsive audiences everywhere. Behind us there is an entire generation for whom the disenchantment with reason is well-nigh complete and the only truth is imaginative truth. Motion pictures are now free to speak the language of art, to disregard the trite glittering surface of conventional plots and stupid moralizing; in short, to deal with life as it is and not the way that some anesthetized Hollywood mogul thinks it should be.

Take Antonioni's *Blow-up*, for example. Seeing the film is an experience akin to listening to great music. The mind is at once aware of the total cumulative effect and at the same time aware of all the rich complexity that has gone into the creating of that effect. Levels of meaning appear like the petals of a flower radiating from and commenting on a central core of vision.

The hero is a highly successful fashion photographer. He is rich, young, handsome and attractive to women. He possesses in abundance

everything that the good life has to offer and yet he is afflicted by some mysterious malady that gnaws away at his innards. He can't enjoy food, or liquor, or women or even his friends. The only meaningful thing in his life is a book of photographs that he is working on, photographs of a world completely unlike the one he inhabits: pictures of the lonely, the destitute and the old, images of death, famine, plague and war. He is composing a chronicle of the fallen world without being aware of it. It occurs to him that he needs one last picture to conclude the series and, since they are uniformly sordid and depressing, he decides that it should be a hopeful, idyllic one. Early one morning in a small park he discovers precisely what he wants: two people, clearly very much in love, dancing and playing in each other's arms. Like a hunter stalking his prey he surreptitiously takes his pictures but not before the girl spots him and pleads with him for the film. She implies that the affair is illicit and that publication of the pictures would hurt innocent people, but the photographer is unmoved. Something about the barely concealed irenzy in the girl's concern arouses his suspicion and so he takes the film back to the studio to develop it and see what he can find. One photograph, in particular, of the girl in her lover's arms looking intently over her shoulder at some bushes starts him on his quest of discovery. He begins to blow the pictures up to find the elusive clue. But a photograph after all is nothing but a series of dots and it can be magnified only so much before it explodes into its constituent elements. Between the disintegrating clarity of outline and the incipient chaos is the still point of imaginative vision. In the passion of discovery he keeps blowing up fragments of fragments until he detects what appears to be a corpse and a mysterious man holding a gun. He comes ever closer to the point where another enlargement will reveal the truth without ambiguity, before all form is annihilated. But that point is chimerical; it doesn't exist because as the photograph is blown up it must be correspondingly distorted so that

the market

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there comes a moment at which what one sees depends on what one is. The judgement is ultimately subjective.

Since the photographs can help him no more he decides to return to the park to verify the fact with his own senses. There he discovers the corpse of the lover whose picture he had taken earlier that morning as a symbol of love and hope. The picture therefore should rightfully have been the first of his book and not the last. It is the most despairing of them all. Armed with this knowledge, the photographer tries to apprehend the woman but as he pursues her he becomes

momentarily distracted and she eludes him. Next he seeks out his agent to tell him what he has seen but the agent is at a noisy, wild party and so high on pot that he is beyond communication. Finally he visits the home of an artist friend only to discover that he is busy copulating with his wife. In sheer exhaustion he returns to his studio apartment and finds that the place has been ransacked and all the photographs, negatives and enlargements stolen . . . all but one, an enormous blown up photograph of the corpse recognizable only to him and to no one else. Immediately he re-

turns to the park and finds the body gone. All he has left of the experience is a few black smudges on a white background.

Antonioni's film is a modern retelling of the most primitive and central of all Western myths, the fall of man from paradise. The hero is a witness to the tragedy that has exiled man to a world of time and space. Antonioni tells us that the fallen world is no mere theological whimsy or poetic toy, but a palpable reality, a fact which, when deeply felt, qualifies all other facts. Deliverance from the fal-

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WinnipegWorld continued

In The Provinces

of the Welsh Guards and Scots Guards, Nov. 26 - Dec. 3.

Ballet

At New York State Theatre, — the New York City Ballet, continues through to Feb. 18.

At City Center, the American Ballet Theatre, from Nov. 28 to Dec. 10.

HODGSON

INSTEAD of LSD parties and glue sniffing, we have bannock and beer parties. We sit around eating bannock, drinking beer and sniffing ten-year-old moccasins. There is just one problem, the hangovers. We have been after the drugstore to recommend a good cure for a moccasin hangover, but they haven't come up with anything yet.

THERE WERE no fist fights at the last council meeting.

WE STILL have not located a resident bootlegger for Hodgson. Hodgson has been without the services of a real bootlegger for over a year, and has had to rely on the here today, gone tomorrow, Saturday night type of operation. In case anyone is interested the Hodgson Chamber of Commerce is offering many concessions to the right man. We don't want someone who is just going to come in, make a fast buck, and then take

off for Florida. We want a family type man, one who is going to settle down, work his way into local society, involve himself in community matters, and try to make Hodgson a better place in which to live. To this person we will offer tax concession, free garbage disposal to get rid of the empty bottles, a lovely home located in the southwest corner of Hodgson (known as the River Heights District) and, best of all, we have made arrangements with an Ashern Appliance dealer to rent a color T.V. so that the beverage rooms will not have an unfair advantage in attracting customers during football and hockey playoffs.

— We have one last hope. We have the Manpower agent in Ashern looking for a man for us.

Our Own Correspondent

VANCOUVER

Theatre -

Nov. 23 - Dec. 16 — Playhouse Theatre Company presents the world premiere of "The Ecstasy of Rita Joe" by Vernon, B.C. author George Ryga. With Frances Hyland and Chief Dan George. Directed by George

Bloomfield. Queen Elizabeth Playhouse at 8:30 p.m.

Impact 67 — Portrait show of works by Joan Foster. Burnaby Art Gallery. To Dec. 17.

Exhibitions -

Continuing to Dec. 9 — Early English Watercolors from National Gallery, Ottawa. Thomas Rowlandson prints. University of British Columbia Fine Arts Gallery.

Continuing to Dec. 8 — Robert Genn's ab-

stract Orient, sponsored by Canadian Pacific Airlines. Dutch Galleries.

Continuing to Dec. 12 — Washington painter Alan Riley's first Canadian showing. Danish Art Gallery.

Sports

Ron Meyers



Mayor Stephen Juba's decision to strike off a committee to study the feasibility of Winnipeg's bidding for the 1976 Olympic Games should prove a blessing in disguise for the many people who have maintained all along that we should give serious consideration to making a bid for the British Commonwealth Games.

The citizens' group headed by Mr. Justice G. B. R. Dickson reached the only conclusion it could vis a vis the Olympics — forget it.

However, it did give us an opening to go shooting for the Commonwealth Games, possibly for the 1974 show, which won't get an official home until 1970 at Edinburgh, Scotland. We now have time available to prepare a bid, and what's more we now know that such a bid as compared to a try for the Olympics will not be hooted down as a waste of time and money.

Few people can criticize the Mayor for investigating the Olympic possibilities. After all, the euphoria surrounding the success of the Pan-American Games has not yet dissipated, and it won't disappear until the Pan-Am financial statement is released.

The citizen's committee didn't have to take the Mayor off any hook. Steve Juba went into this round with everyone behind him. He was still getting even with the skeptics who challenged his every move in 1963, when he entertained the Pan-Am dream and obtained the Games.

This city isn't yet ready to be awakened to reality, and Mayor Juba knows it.

From the Olympic committee report we may just get a rush towards urban renewal and a hotel construction campaign. However, the report's success is evidenced by the fact that His Worship is now sold on the idea of the Commonwealth Games, and that the next committee we'll hear from is the one approving a bid.

The cost of going after the one-time Empire Games is a drop in the bucket when compared to the \$40,000 tag put on an Olympic bid. It will even be cheaper than what it cost us to sell the Pan-American Sports Organization at Sao Paulo in 1963.

One member of the citizens' committee estimated that it would run up to \$10,000 just to get Winnipeg's bid

before the Olympic Committee for Canada, and at that we wouldn't have any guarantee of the Committee's approval. That approval will go to either Toronto or Montreal.

You can bid for the Commonwealth Games for the same \$10,000.

There may be some skepticism about going after this show for 1974. People point out that it will have been only 20 years since Bannister beat Landy at Vancouver, and that Canada isn't yet ready for another such treat.

This won't be enough to convince the Canadian Olympic Committee, which should by now be sold on our ability to put on a first class production of major international sporting competitions. They were all here for the Pan-Am Games, and if that didn't move them over to our side; nothing will.

We won't have to compete against those two major metropolises, Toronto and Montreal. No Quebec City is going to bid for the British Commonwealth Games, and in the next few weeks Toronto will probably have struck up a gentlemen's agreement with Mayor Juba. You know the tack. Back us for the Olympic bid and we'll support your BCG effort.

Edinburgh will be just a formality.

First to fall into line will be those West Indian countries who came to the Pan-American Games; they will be excellent salesmen for Winnipeg, our best, unless Jim Daly and Mark Danzker help out in Scotland.

We'll wow them with pictures of the Grant Avenue swimming pool, and for an aquatic clincher there's the story of how Elaine Tanner fell in love with Winnipeg because of the edifice.

And of course, Chris Chataway and the Jamaicans will get the word across about the University of Manitoba's Tartan track. Jamaica will remember how its relay teams won a few bronze medals on the track, and the smaller countries will fall into line because they always figured to be better than Jamaica.

Chataway did some broadcasting for the CBC at the Pan-Am; and his word should be good enough for the English representatives, who in turn will influence Scotland, Australia and so on.

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We Were Never Their Age

Robert Letterman



"Teenagers have the power of lots of spending money and stores must go after it. Good or bad?"

We Were Never Their Age

In "West Side Story", when Maria goes to the candy store to get help for her lover from a rival gang, they misunderstand and attack her.

"Pop", the proprietor, breaks up the fight and begins to lecture them with "When I was your age . . ." One of them cuts him off saying, "you never were our age."

He was right, and it is just as true about the adults of Winnipeg.

Things have changed so much in the past few decades that we who were teens in the 30's and 40's did not experience the same situation as a teen in 1967.

We never were their age.

The only native-born citizens of this atomic age are those who are under twenty-five. The rest of us are at best immigrants, at worst aliens and enemies.

I have observed the young people living in today's changed world from various viewpoints — as a parent, as a counsellor to both adults and their children, as camp leader, conference speaker, discussion leader, scholar, and citizen. And concerning the average teen-ager today — not the outstandingly good or the notoriously bad, but the average — I have come to these conclusions:

Teens have absolute veto power over anything adults may plan or do for them.

Parents and adults cannot, from their own experience, know what is best for today's teens.

Teens have strongly-held moral values and significant ideals for life.

What is so new about the Winnipeg of 1967 that it bears so little similarity to the Winnipeg of the 1940's?

Television is new: with its incessant "pitch" that heaven comes when you buy the sponsor's products, with its banal situation comedies and its brutal westerns and wars, with its "Festival" culture and its world-shrinking news and documentaries. Good or bad?

Restricted movies are new. In one of them, patronized by teens in

droves, there was a wild "fun romp" of a man and two teen girls tearing off each other's clothes. In the same movie the problem of an individual acting responsibly in our society was treated more realistically than I have ever heard in a sermon or from a counsellor or book. Good or bad?

It is new when a major store and a government-financed agency jointly sponsor Winnipeg concerts of teen idols. At one of them there was so much unruliness that several spectators and policemen were injured. But teens have the power of lots of spending money and stores must go after it. Good or bad?

It is new when teens have a "Love In" and when they walk thirty-five miles in one day to raise money for overseas relief. I did not have the opportunity to do either. Good or bad?

It is new that you can buy, in inexpensive paperback editions, responsible criticism of society and the church by people like Bishop Pike or Pierre Berton. From the same shelf you can buy unlimited editions of novels and magazines depicting exhibitionism, sadism, violence, nudism and all kinds of sex relations, hetero and homo, marital and extra. And if you want it all in one fat convenient package, "Playboy" is new and will give you Bishop Pike and perversions together. Good or bad?

Children do not go to Sunday School as much: in 1960 Sunday School enrollment for the United Church of Canada was almost 742,000; in 1966 it was barely 570,000 in spite of an increase in adult church membership and a vast increase in school population. The picture is similar in other churches. But there are more teens in church coffee houses, work camps, and overseas service projects than ever before. Good or bad?

A strange aspect in all this change is that nobody planned it to happen as it does, and nobody is sure where it is going. The automobile was invented as a means of transportation,



but it has probably had a bigger influence on changing morals than movies or books, because it gives people mobility, anonymity and privacy. Easy credit was introduced to help business, but it has also helped to produce a society whose philosophy of life is shifting to "why wait . . . do it now!"

"Go where the action is." This expression suggests one fundamental change in the moral climate of 1967 as compared with that of two decades ago. The prevailing winds that blow are no longer "thrift, honesty, and hard work" but, "try anything and do it now." Billboards in our city lure us to "fly now, pay later" and ads suggest "no down payment."

We parents of today's teens run our homes differently from the way our own parents did. My father was a dentist, a relatively high-paid profession. I am a clergyman, a relatively low-paid profession. But I have more luxuries and discretionary income than my father had. He had no credit cards but I have three from local stores and two national ones. My children live with a different kind of parents than I lived with, parents who themselves say in many ways "do it now." That alone would make them vastly different. Truly, I never was their age.

Social influences support this change. The government now takes care of emergencies — unemployment, sickness, retirement, retraining, disability. In this kind of society people do not have to make sacrifices saving for that "rainy day." So "do it now!"

Today's teens also know better than we did that many adults are desperately unhappy. "Virginia Woolf" or the thousands looking for a way to get divorced make the point. Teens see teachers, nurses, doctors and others on strike, clergymen quitting, bored wives going back to work at unsatisfying jobs, the unpleasantness of getting grandmother to move into a Senior Citizen's residence. Add it all up and it seems to say that adult

life is a drag, hardly worth sacrificing or waiting for. So "go where the action is"; do it now.

My generation talks about a trip to Europe after retirement. Young people are taking their trip before settling down to a job or marriage. Today's teens may still want a good education, but they cannot see why marriage or spending money should be sacrificed to get it. They may want a good job, but they seem as interested in starting pay as in future raises. They may want a good stable marriage some day, but their sex morals today will have little to do with the future, so that any guidance acceptable to them will be in terms of what is appropriate for today's relationship, not in terms of "premarital" advice.

Another major change in the atmosphere breathed by today's teens concerns the vastly escalated responsibility and freedom of choice demanded of them. The communications media, including television, teachers and travel, have almost totally broken down the authority of old moral codes and customs. People today know that there is more than one way, more than one set of standards to use in approaching any situation, and they have to make a choice.

Family and Scouts might teach the Golden Rule, but today's teens also know about the successful Cosa Nostra, Ayn Rand's cult of "dog eat dog", and the "get rich quick" attitude of the con artist found in every business, job and profession. A child's parents may be abstainers who are faithful to the marriage vows, but he is likely to be offered liquor by the parents of his best friend, and he will know of prominent community people who are divorced or who are not too fussy about who is in bed with them.

By the time he is ten, any child in Winnipeg today knows that there are vast numbers of people who live by different standards from those in his family: by a different religious

belief or none; by a different economic standard, different politics, different moral values, different entertainments. Always, and beginning very early, he must make choices — far more than I had to make at the same ages.

And today's teen is better educated, more encouraged to think things through, to be critical of books, teachers and authorities. This critical faculty is an essential safety measure to employ when reading "True Romance", political speeches or advertisements. But once developed, it will also be used on the Ten Commandments, Canadian laws and parental customs.

Easy money also contributes to this freedom of choice. Many things our teens must deal with were not a temptation to me because I could not afford them: fashion fads and fags, pornography and liquor, private apartments and independent vacations, drive-ins and psychedelic drugs.

Truly, we adults never were their age. Frighteningly, we have created a world with a wide "generation gap."

But the gap, like the Berlin Wall, can have some commerce back and forth under the right circumstances. This brings me back to my three conclusions:

Young people have veto power.

They can frustrate or destroy any plan of adults they do not agree with — even if they have to destroy themselves to do it. I have seen clever students fail at University when sent by prestige-conscious parents against their will. I have seen young people deliberately get pregnant in order to receive parental consent to marry someone their parents think "not good enough." I have seen a boy steal cars and break into homes when he thought his parents were more concerned with family respectability than with his growing desires for independence. I have seen single young peo-

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We Were Never Their Age continued

HAROLD MOORE, proprietor of The Caboose, a gift shop, many of whose customers are teenagers:

"... the teenager today is in many ways significantly different from teenagers of the past. Many are far less concerned with achieving a high financial and social position but more with becoming an honest, sincere and genuine human being."



MIKE OSADCHUK, McGill University graduate and now Program Secretary of the St. Vital family Y.M.C.A.:

"... before we attempt to influence children's behavior or values, we should question the grounds for our own desire to change people; then we can talk about what reasons our teens may have to use our advice as a guide to their growth."



ple quit school, get a job and move into a bachelor apartment to get away from parental nagging. I have seen teens in mental hospitals, paralysed by neurotic conflict between parental pressure and self-expression. Veto power! And of course, many aspects of ear-splitting rock music, long hair and short skirts, LSD and hippie culture are also related to this veto power.

Since this veto power is a fact, it seems obvious to me that we adults should take seriously one of our own old sayings, "You can lead a horse to water . . ." Perhaps we can out-argue our children for a time, use our financial power as a club to make them conform, use religious guilt to keep them from exploring the world, push them and nag them into what we think is good for them. But we cannot win if we seek to keep control without their agreement and co-operation. Besides, when our society is so far from perfect, and when so many adults are so obviously unhappy, how can we be sure we know what is good for them anyway? This brings me to my second conviction:

Parents and adults cannot, from their own experience, know what is best for today's teens. How could we? Their goals and style of life are as different from ours as flying is from walking. The wisest of us cannot see the future they should aim for as clearly as they do, and the best of us can hardly hold ourselves up as an example of exactly what they ought to be in middle age.

This does not mean that teens have all the answers. They need the judgment adults can give on their problems as much as adults need to learn from them what the problems are. For example, adults know far better than teens how quickly easy pleasures become dull. The "do it now" generation might have something very important to learn from those who meant something quite different when they said "never put off until tomorrow what you can do today." Adults also know better how each reform produces a new injus-

tice, how crusading enthusiasm quickly gets bogged down in weariness and red tape. "Plus ça change, plus c'est le même chose!"

But I believe it remains true that on the basis of our own experience, we adults do not have the insight to tell teens what kind of a world to create for themselves. And, unpleasant as it may be to admit, I think we adults have made enough of a mess of things that we do not have the moral right to say in effect "take our advice and you can't go wrong." Lectures about lots of education, hard work and getting ahead in business do not come well from our generation, which has produced ulcers and alcoholics, slums and neurotics by "getting ahead." Lectures about smoking and cancer do not come well from the generation which has produced the atomic bomb, a far worse health hazard than nicotine. Lectures about immorality in drink, sex and drugs do not come well from our generation which has condoned the massacre and mutilation of children in war, the murder of mistreated, unwanted misfits in capital punishment, and the denial of human rights to Canada's natives because we stuck to the letter of the law of their treaty rights.

If it is true that we adults have neither the insight nor the virtue to pose as authorities to the younger generation, it does not necessarily follow that they will go to the dogs. I have seen enough to make me think our young people have a strong moral sense, one that is better attuned to the problems of today than that of many older people. This leads me to my third observation:

Teens have strongly held moral values and significant ideals for life. Their ideals and morals may be different from those of their parents, but I have yet to meet anyone outside of a mental hospital who deliberately wanted to make a mess of his life.

For example, in boy-girl friendships, teens today seem to put more stress on integrity of relationship

and less on sexual purity than my generation did. At work, they seem to put more emphasis on being human beings, and less on being top of the heap than my generation does. In society, they seem to put more emphasis on letting people be themselves, and less on getting everyone in the world to conform to the same rules. The moral values of today's teens are quite different from those held by many adults, but there seem to be lively standards in their thinking which are relevant to the needs of today's world.

Something that happened in a parent-teen discussion group in this city last year will illustrate all three of these points. Parents and teens together saw the film "Nobody Waved Goodbye." The film ends with a restless rebel of a boy who does not turn back when he learns his girl friend is pregnant. He leaves her alone at the side of the highway and drives on alone, to nowhere. In the parent-teen discussion which followed, one of the boys — long hair, leather jacket and all — said, "No decent fellow would have left his girl like that." A mother immediately replied, "No decent fellow would have gotten a girl in that condition in the first place." That reply immediately blew up the weak bridge the film had built over the generation gap, and it was never rebuilt in the following forty-five minutes of discussion. Veto power!

The boy had expressed a strong sense of morality in approaching such a real situation in the world of today. He had ideals and was trying to apply them to life. The adults, on the basis of their experience, could only think of a morality of absolutes which may have been appropriate in a previous society (but that too is questionable). With the "when I was your age" approach, the adults were not able to learn anything about the teens and the teens were "turned off" from learning anything from the adults.

Truly, we never were their age.

Can Manitoba Plug The Brain Drain?



The annual exodus of graduate engineers and scientists from Manitoba is a disquieting symptom of deep-rooted economic ills.

The cause of their departure is the lack of challenging, rewarding employment in an economy too dependent upon primary production and distribution.

The effect of this loss on the future growth of the province's economy cannot be measured. In this age of almost incredible technological advances, research and the development of secondary industry are the keys to economic growth. It would not be an abuse of the term to apply the phrase "technology explosion" to dramatize the present enormous acceleration of scientific discovery. Since 1960 research has added as much to our store of chemical knowledge as was added during all centuries up to 1960.

The implications are clear. Those nations, regions or industries which fail to take advantage of this expanding technical capacity will be driven from the marketplace by those that do.

Manitoba's position is alarmingly vulnerable. We are badly equipped to meet the sharpened demands of modern competition. We are dangerously complacent in the face of an urgent need to generate technical capacity based in Manitoba.

If we cannot provide a growth environment for trained people, and if we import outside help instead of using our own technical people to set up plants and solve technical problems, we encourage increasing foreign control of our economy. Foreign ownership finds it more profitable to do the research work at home base and license the know-how to the Canadian subsidiary, thus enhancing their profit picture at home and taking funds tax free as an expense of

operation.

Until Manitoba can support native industrial development projects, there can be little possibility of stemming the flow of emigrating technical people. We must have greater support for industrial research because it represents the most economical way of securing the answers on which to build to the pilot plant stage and beyond. The know-how is here to build any plant or complex legitimately required in Manitoba.

Where the specialized knowledge of outside consultants is needed it may be obtained as required by the prime local consultant.

This is not a call for patronage, nor a call for "local people for local projects" which is too often at the increased expense of the taxpayer. It is a call for increased productivity through engineering capability, Manitoba-based. We need not be dependent on others to build our chemical and production plants. If we used our own people, the grants and tax concessions, as well as ownership and profits, would stay in Manitoba.

Our elected representatives are in a unique position to create a meaningful growth environment in Manitoba. They might take their lead from the federal government which has introduced legislation to improve Canada's position in research and development. In 1965 an expenditure of \$284 million on research and development represented 1.7% of net output in terms of gross national product. This compares 6.2 percent in the United States, 3.9 percent in the United Kingdom, 2.8 percent in Sweden and 2.1 percent in Japan.

Manitoba's contribution to legitimate research and development is virtually nil. The provincial government, when pressed, advises us that the indefinite delay in promoting industrial research in Manitoba is due

to "budgetary pressures". Surely provision of a means for more people to earn a living is a worthwhile social task. Surely the awakening concern over Manitoba's economic difficulties demands priority for the research capabilities Manitoba must have in order to keep her industries competitive.

These are strong opinions, but they are obvious to anyone aware of our situation in Manitoba and of what's been happening in the world of science and technology.

We have made a modest start through expanded educational facilities, particularly the Manitoba Technical Institute and related technical schools. We are producing the technical graduates needed to back up the work of engineers and scientists. But what about our record with these advanced disciplines themselves — engineering and science?

In 1967 the percentage of engineering graduates who left Manitoba for employment elsewhere were: civil — 36.9 percent; mechanical — 57.1 percent; electrical — 76.3 percent. In all, no fewer than 70 out of 122 graduates left the Province. These percentages do *not* include those who left for reasons of higher education.

It costs at least \$30,000 to educate students to college graduation. Even at this conservative figure the loss of seventy engineering graduates from the provincial economy *this year* represents a loss in excess of \$2,000,000 of capital investment. But the real expense for the economy lies, not in the initial loss, but in the loss of growth industries which could be generated by giving the energies of our educated youth an environment in which to grow.

This situation is equivalent to a farmer spending years raising a spe-

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Can Manitoba Plug The Brain Drain? continued

cial grain, preparing the land well in advance and planting with great care, only to have the final crop come up and be harvested in his neighbor's fields.

All too often a call for public support, when heeded, results in allocation of large sums of tax money to government boards, committees or commissions which become a part of the beaurocratic structure and are seldom heard from again. It is therefore appropriate that we examine briefly a recent proposal made by the provincial government, compare it with similar situations elsewhere in Canada, outline our own existing research setup and then suggest how, with a minimum of support, such a setup could be extended to provide full research facilities for the broad spectrum of Manitoba industry.

Recently our newspapers carried an article dealing with the establishment in Manitoba of a "Research Park", and why its development had to be indefinitely delayed. The "budgetary pressures" which were given by the Minister of Industry and Commerce as causing the delay were, presumably, based on the following figures quoted in the newspaper story.

The estimated initial outlay on the park would be between \$500,000 and \$750,000 the first budget year, with costs escalating by an equal amount in each of the subsequent five budget years so that at the end of five years the proposed research park would be demanding an annual appropriation of between \$2 million and \$4 million.

If we add up these figures we arrive at a total cost of between \$7.5 million and \$11.25 million over five years.

This appears to be a good example of Parkinson's Law on Corporate Development. By comparison, it is curious how the B.C. Research Council manages, after twenty-three years of operation, to maintain a growing building program on a provincial government grant in 1966 amounting to an all-time high of \$300,000. Their total income in 1966 was \$1,256,997. The difference came from contract research.

As there is a void in the systematic application of scientific method to industrial problems in Manitoba, I am proposing a group of development facilities under the name of INRAD (Industrial Research and Development). As presently devel-

oping it is entirely privately financed. It could, however, be a "non-profit" government-supported private enterprise operation, as is the Ontario Research Foundation, or with estate endowed funding similar to the Battelle Memorial Institute.

INRAD is basically a group of specialized companies brought together to provide a broad range of research skills and equipment under one roof. Automedic Instruments Ltd. was the original company designed to provide prototype medical instruments for the National Research Council. Vascular suturing devices, clamps, measuring instruments, and so on, were produced. Since then these facilities have been turned to the development of industrial diamond conditioning machines, a hydro-cyclone settling system for recovering clear water from drilling fluid effluents, a mobile chemical grouting plant for the Red River Floodway, a polyurethane process for use in fibreglass houses and insulated panels produced locally, several varieties of plastic coated building wallboards, the refabrication of leather wastes into usable "hides", artificial feet and "cosmetic covers" for orthopaedic devices, and so on. Our facilities allow precision machine work, chemical formulations and the forming of plastics.

The purpose in bringing these facilities together has been to build a wide base on which to develop, with the intent that each operation would serve as some support for practical research and development. The research fields of interest lie in the mechanical-chemical-electrical areas.

Essentially, the services offered by INRAD in the field of product development break down into four categories:

- 1) Research, design and development of new products and their manufacturing facilities;
- 2) Redesign and development of existing products to meet today's competition;
- 3) Redesign of existing facilities to improve production;
- 4) By-product utilization.

Because the development field is an expensive one where often a prototype or two may be the total requirement, it is initially difficult to generate sufficient working capital from production. The necessity, therefore, of sustaining INRAD, or any research firm, strictly on its own

earnings is a factor which almost totally inhibits the undertaking of large projects with their attendant high risk of financial loss.

INRAD has had a large project in preparation for over two years. This study has been in fuel cells. A fuel cell may be represented as a fuel tank and a battery wherein chemical energy is directly converted to electricity without the necessity of going through an internal combustion engine. It is noiseless, has no moving parts, no carbon monoxide or other noxious fumes. It is self-contained and ideally only needs servicing by filling or replacing the fuel tank. For our northern areas this system could represent an ideal "portable power" source.

In Ottawa in 1965 INRAD obtained a briefing on the Federal Government's interest in fuel cells. In 1966 we were invited by Allis-Chalmers to set up a Canadian fuel cell research operation for them in Montreal. This we turned down because of prior commitments in Winnipeg. Subsequent to these events INRAD approached the Defence Research Board with an outline of our interest and capabilities in fuel cells, and we prepared a long-term development proposal for them.

Our proposal would require the services of fifty or more people in research, and would give Manitoba its much-needed technological boost into a "front line" field of research. The fuel cell development opens up many related fields of study, including hydrogen, heavy water production, activated charcoal, carbon, fluid bed techniques applicable to silica, limestone, activated clays, minerals, metals and chemical complexes.

Our proposal to the Federal Government calls for them to cover fifty per cent of costs. What is now required, and this is the stumbling-block, are buildings and equipment. It is here that we believe the Provincial Government could quite legitimately, and at a cost substantially below the figures quoted by Mr. Spivak's advisors, lend assistance. Specifically, this assistance is required in the form of:

- 1) **Support facilities** — preferably in a research park of sixty acres or more to allow for expansion.
- 2) **Grants for equipment** — this

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Fashion THE ROMANCE OF BLACK

Delicate and feminine. All the charm of youth is captured in this waisted black crepe dress with dazzling white ruffs, edged in lace at the throat and wrist. Holt Renfrew. Black, patent shoes by Coquette.



Fashion/CHRISTIAN DIOR

The subtle magic of Dior is demonstrated in this brisk, five-piece grey herringbone suit with a double-breasted thigh-length jacket, over an eggshell white silk shirt-blouse, flared trousers, black knit jumper and A-line skirt, it makes a dashing country affair for Holt Renfrew.



Emporium



From France

Stylish, brass, antique carriage clocks, \$55 each at Peter's Antiques and Curios, 310 Edmonton St.



Spanish Influence

Black tin candelabrum hand-crafted in Mexico \$4.50! Available at the Caboose, 127 Garry St.



Plastic Fantastic

Transparent vinyl plastic pillows in many colours and designs. Very pop. Left, red stars on a blue field, \$3.95 at Design Associates Ltd., 132 Osborne St., or Tuxedo Shopping Centre.

ALI BABA



A Touch of the Macabre

Honest reproductions of the bizarre drawings of Aubrey Beardsley. Set of 8 prints, 17 x 24, \$12.95. The Experiment, 110½ Osborne St.



Don't box it, basket

Attractive multi-purpose rafia basket. Large size, left, \$13.25 — also small size \$8.25. From The Third Step, 154 Spence St.

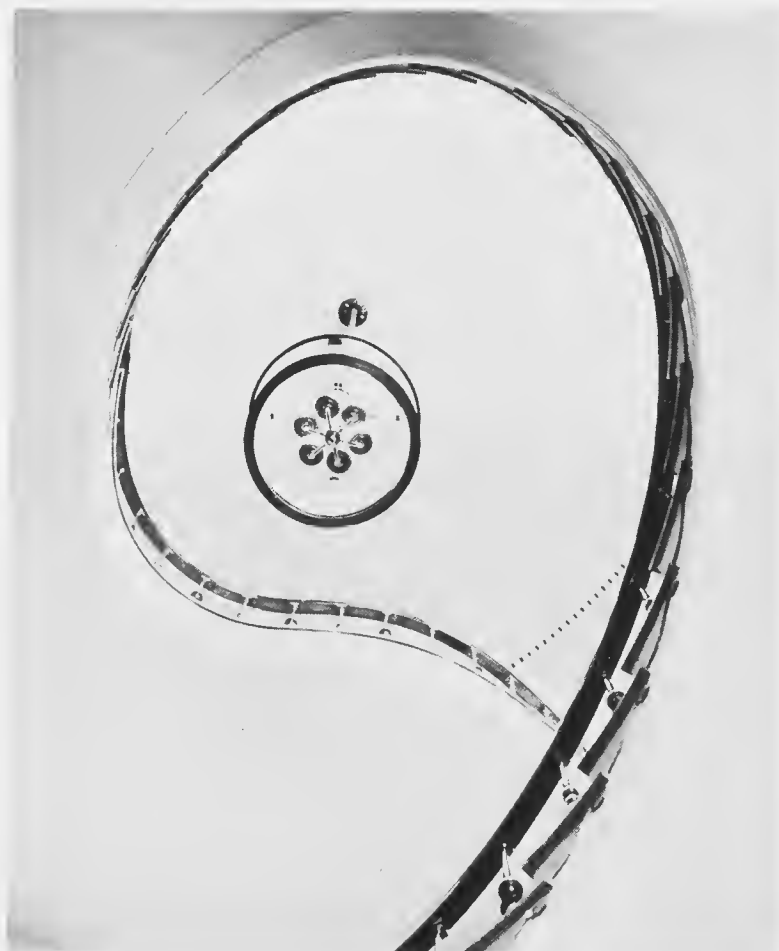
WINNIPEG ALBUM

Don Rawsthorne

Youthful cyclists in Assiniboine Park provided Donald Rawsthorne with the opportunity for this unique silhouette.

Rawsthorne is a 24-year old native Winnipegger in business for himself as a professional for the past two and a half years. Currently he says he is experimenting with adapting cinematic techniques, observed on a trip to Expo 67, to still photography.





J. Coleman Fletcher

Shapes and forms, animate and inanimate, through the lens of J. Coleman Fletcher's camera. Top, his award-winning photograph of the circular staircase in our remarkable Legislative Building. Bottom, a paisley pattern of lights on an equally remarkable structure.

Fletcher came to Winnipeg from his birthplace, Saskatoon, in 1946 and although his interest in photography goes back to his early childhood, he has been a full-time professional for only four years. He urges recognition of the high standards of local photographers and the more extensive use of their services by both business and government. Advertising agency assignments keep him busy. If he can find a sponsor he aspires to create a documentary movie on the beauties of Winnipeg in winter.



Winnipeg Album continued

Henry Kalen

Drama in architecture is the chief pursuit of Henry Kalen's camera. Here's his splendid interpretation of Winnipeg's mighty fortress before its fall; the old city hall, wept for, honored but not saved.

A Winnipeg native, graduate in Architecture from the University of Manitoba, Kalen practised architecture for three years in the city before going into photography full time when both careers grew to the point where he had to choose one or the other. He is a founding member of the Graphic Group and teaches photography to architects, fine arts and interior design classes at the University.



Robert Taylor

Winnipeg's Assiniboine Park Zoo will soon be Canada's finest. Robert Taylor's camera captures the sure-footed raccoon as it descends its perch and the massive but playful polar bear after an early morning swim.



Taylor specialized in science photography at Ryerson Polytechnic Institute in Toronto.





"How is Abe Yanofsky doing?" we asked Jack Woodbury, tournament director, on the first evening of the Canadian Centennial Grand Masters Chess Tournament.

"Not so loud please," murmured the young professor. "He had the bad luck in the draw to be matched first against Boris Spassky, the Russian who is the world's Number Two chess player."

"But how is he doing?"

"Keep your voice down. He is still in the game. That is all you can say. We don't know their strategy."

George Koltanowski, grey-haired, dignified and alert, Chess Editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, busily taking notes.

"I have to file a story tonight," he said. "This is the first time anything like this has ever been held in Canada, and Canada is lucky to get it — ten of the best chess players in the entire world are right in this room. Excuse me, I have to watch this move."

"That's a famous man in the chess world," volunteered a bystander as Koltanowski turned away. "He's a chess showman, he's directed all kinds of tournaments, and he's one of the most famous chess columnists in North America. He used to be a top-ranking chess player himself when he was younger."

The San Francisco Chronicle wasn't the only out-of-town paper interested in the event. The Canadian Press spread it across Canada, press associations spread it through the Americas, the United Press had

stories throughout Europe and parts of Asia. The local press, of course, gave it full treatment.

Abe Yanofsky, the only Canadian ever to be an International Grand Master of chess and the acknowledged father of the tournament, was "just a little disappointed" in his standing at the end. He stood ninth, although at that he was only two points behind Bent Larsen of Denmark and Klaus Darga of West Germany, who tied for first place and split the \$1,700 first and second prize money.

But Yanofsky was jubilant about the tournament. "It was a hundred per cent success," he said. "Not only did we get the highest calibre of players to come here, but Winnipeg got good notices all over the world as a result. Everything went well. It was really wonderful."

How does one go about staging an International Grand Masters Chess Tournament?

The Manitoba Chess Association found that, like a chess game, it takes patience, careful calculation, and know-how.

Long Abe Yanofsky's dream child, the Canadian Centennial Grand Masters Chess Tournament of October 3 to 12 began to take shape at the beginning of 1966. Yanofsky first broached the idea, the Manitoba Chess Association took it up and named its president, Rev. John MacDonald, co-chairman along with Yanofsky.

They immediately sought the backing of the Chess Federation of

Canada. In February, 1966, the Federation president, John Prentice of Vancouver, joined with Yanofsky in selling the idea to Maitland Steinkopf and the Manitoba Centennial Corporation, getting its blessing and a \$6,000 grant. The Chess Federation added another \$1,000.

That was only a start. A tremendous job of organization had to be done, and another \$8,000 raised.

The Tournament Committee had to meet the travel expenses of contestants — some came from half-way round the world — and provide their accommodation in Winnipeg. It had to buy five complete chess sets, five chess time clocks (each really two clocks in one) and as many display boards to show the progress of the games. A sizeable room had to be rented for the ten days of the tournament. Snacks and coffee had to be provided for the players—five hours is a long stretch to endure without a cup of coffee. And prize money totalling close to \$5,000 had to be found.

Then Jack Woodbury came up with another suggestion. One of the purposes of the tournament, he said, should be to help young chess players. Why not provide a quiet room where a local chess expert could re-enact the tournament games, and explain the strategy? An excellent idea. The post-mortems proved to be an outstanding feature of the tournament.

The Committee did more. It decided to issue free passes to students who could show they were genuinely

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all the king's men

all the king's men continued

interested in chess. A committee was set up to provide a list of names. It came up with 800, garnered from junior high, high school and university student players.

It was soon apparent that a budget of rather more than \$15,000 would be needed. With \$7,000 already in the kitty, at least \$8,000 had still to be raised. How to do it?

I. J. Dreman, Winnipeg broker and a former Manitoba chess champion, provided the answer along with his co-chairmen, A. J. Vincent and Joseph Erlichman. They got relatively small grants from the Province, Metro, and the City of Winnipeg. Then they polled Winnipeg businessmen. The businessmen responded magnificently. "We'll give you so much, but come back if you need more," they said. The budget was met.

Next problem: who to invite, and would they come? John Prentice was the key man here. Not only could he speak with authority as president of the national chess body; he is Canada's representative on FIDE — Federation International des Echecs — the International Chess Federation, top governing body of the chess world. He knew the world's best

chess players, and they knew him. The players were lined up.

Other problems arose, and were solved. FIDE announced that a tournament of this stature must have its sanction. The sanction was asked for and granted, to the delight of the Committee. Now the tournament had official status.

Montreal wanted to get the show, to run it in conjunction with Expo. The Manitoba Committee persuaded FIDE that this would be a mistake — the tournament would be lost among the counter-attractions at Expo.

It was learned the tournament at Winnipeg would have to be sandwiched between one in Havana and the great World Chess Olympiad at Tunis. There would be time for only nine rounds — that meant only ten players instead of the twelve originally planned.

The tournament was to have been held in the new Centennial Arts Centre. But at almost the last minute it was learned the building would not be ready in time. Fortunately, the Committee had prudently reserved accommodation at the Fort Garry Hotel.

One by one the problems were

solved and the details ironed out, thanks to "a tremendous amount" of volunteer help. The tournament began, and ran smoothly. Jack Woodbury proved himself a highly capable tournament director. The competition was keen, the interest high, the results close.

It's all over now. The players have departed, the bills have been paid, the books audited. But the dividends are still coming in.

Manitoba chess players are holding their heads higher, for they have proved they can handle an international tournament as well as the city, provincial and national tournaments they have staged in the past.

So much interest has been generated among the city's younger chess players that the Christmas vacation High School Chess Tournament, which formerly was limited to 60 players, may be expanded to take in 200.

And the future of chess in Manitoba is bright. With half a dozen chess clubs in Winnipeg, and close to 1,000 players in junior high schools, high schools and universities, several local stores now find it worth their while to stock a variety of chess equipment, and the William



Avenue Public Library has a good collection of books on chess.

That is a situation which didn't prevail ten years ago.

Winnipeg's chess fraternity is delighted and Abe Yanofsky is jubilant.

But Yanofsky still says the greatest thrill of his life was when FIDE named him an International Grand Master in the middle of the 1964 International Chess Olympiad at Tel Aviv. At that tournament he amassed eight and a half points in thirteen games and scored a victory over Samuel Reshevsky, the American Grand Master.

Yanofsky is now one of a select group — there are only 70 Grand Masters throughout the world, and he is the only one in the Commonwealth.

How does one become an International Grand Master of Chess? First, one official explained without so much as a ghost of a twinkle in his eye, you must learn to play chess. You must earn a good enough reputation as a player to be invited to international tournaments and defeat more than half the masters and grand masters at them. You may then be recognized by FIDE as an International Master.

Then, as a Master, you must defeat at least half the Grand Masters in each of three international tournaments. One is not enough, because it might be a fluke. The results automatically go in to FIDE, which gives the Grand Master award when it is apparent you are as good as half the existing Grand Masters.

Short of winning the world's championship, there is no higher achievement in the chess world.

Abe Yanofsky's case is typical. He

began playing chess as a boy of eight, partly as a result of seeing a chess set in a Main Street shop window and wondering what it was. At 11 he won his first tournament game. At 22 he became an International Chess Master after upsetting Mikhail Botvinnik, the great Russian player, at Groningen, Holland. At 28 he won the British Empire championship — the only time he has ever competed for it.

He was 39 when he was named an International Grand Master.

But now he figures his tournament chess career is just about over. Serious chess is a young man's game, even though it looks so quiet and relaxing. Yanofsky is now 42, and he says a chess player has passed his prime at 45. Bent Larsen, Denmark's only Grand Master, who is 32, puts the age limit even lower. You reach your peak between 30 and 40, he says.

It's the strain that tells. A successful chess player needs patience and a high degree of concentration. He has to be able to calculate the long-term consequences of every move. Always, in a tournament game, there is the time clock ticking away. A contestant must complete 40 moves in the first two and a half hours of his play, and 16 moves an hour after that. He studies a move, makes it, shuts off his time clock, and enters the record on the log sheet beside him.

Each day there is a new opponent. In a round-robin tournament like the one in Winnipeg, every player meets every other player. There are no byes, no eliminations.

Nine of the players in the Winnipeg tournament were International

Grand Masters — Bent Larsen of Denmark, Klaus Darga of West Germany, Laszlo Szabo of Hungary, Florin Gheorghiu of Rumania, Paul Benko of the United States, Paul Keres and Boris Spassky of the U.S.S.R., Alexander Matanovic of Yugoslavia and Winnipeg's Abe Yanofsky. The tenth — Shimon Kagan of Israel — was an International Master looking forward to becoming a Grand Master.

All, naturally, were tournament veterans. But as time went on, more than one began to show that his nerves were getting raw at the edges. They paced the floor between moves, looked haggard, and seemed hardly to recognize their friends. "I have a little too much nerves," complained Rumania's Georghiu at one point.

There is also the necessity of keeping in practice by playing the best players frequently. Some of the Europeans are professionals, travelling from tournament to tournament. In Russia, top players are subsidized by the state.

Yanofsky has a law practice to look after and business duties keep him away from many tournaments. Before the Winnipeg games he had not played serious chess for a year. It was little wonder that he started slowly and only picked up his old skill as the games went on. In his college days, chess never interfered with his studies. Today his business interferes with his chess.

Still, he is an International Grand Master.

And he did get his home town to hold a highly successful International Chess Tournament.





**What Price Art?.....
62½ cents**

Deep within an ugly fortress in the heart of old downtown Winnipeg, a small band of Winnipeggers modestly dedicate themselves to creativity and beauty. The gritty old building gives no clue to the existence of this activity. Its two flights of stairs are dark, tired and splintered. Seventy-five years of tanning and typesetting have left their aroma. On the top floor, a bright, fusia-painted door announces the Lewis-Smith Art Studio.

The Studio itself is an enormous pie-shaped room. What smells like someone's unwashed socks is a new quick-drying paint. Music, somewhere between the sound of the Beatles and the Lost Chord, gently buffets the ear. Students are stationed throughout the room at easels and tables. A tall young man, looking for all the world like Our Man Flint, passes from student to student. In the very centre of all this is a small platform draped with mauves and pinks and two-by-fours. Sitting on the platform is a young, slim girl wearing only a small silver cross on a chain around her neck, and a pale blue ribbon in her hair.

Approximately 150 Winnipeggers live in this world for one or two hours each week — business executives, doctors, fashion models, teachers, clerks, housewives; a deaf-mute, a woman with arthritic hands, and a hippie who thinks he's bursting with talent, and may just be. There are the inhibited beginners who draw with hard, rigid lines, and the practised hands who wield their brushes with a flourish.

They'll use the same model, the same brand of paint or charcoal, and have the same instructor, and they'll produce works as different from one another's as Picasso is from Rembrandt. At the conclusion of the session, the model will see herself in

oily mauves, black charcoal, and sensuous flesh tones. She'll have a happy face, a sad face, or no face at all.

"Here, let's see what we can do about your highlights there. Blend the strokes . . . from brown . . . into lighter. Now introduce the next value . . . say, orange . . . and increase the browns . . . There, now you've got a cone shaping backwards. You've got a breast with some dimension . . ." And with that, teacher hands the brush back to student and passes on to the next easel.

To Jack Lewis-Smith, the 33-year-old director of the school, communication with his students is second nature. He uses everything from his own talent to his expressive hands or his angular body, to illustrate the meaning of form and motion to his students. He seems to be everywhere at once, guiding a beginner's hands through a clump of modelling clay, pointing out weak or strong points on a finished canvas, or directing the model into a new position. And always there's the teasing, cajoling, encouraging and pushing of students to do better and better work.

"You've got to continually push students to get them to go beyond themselves", he says. "You push and push until you break your bloody back. Most of them are afraid to be adventurous and to come out of themselves. Especially the beginners. Our society has such preconceived ideas about what art should or should not be — that art is this and not that. This is ridiculous."

At the nearest easel he slaps a few hurried lines onto the paper. Somehow or other the few hurried lines resemble a man's figure. Pushing a hand through his heavy shock of hair, he turns to his group.

"Now, you'll say that that arm isn't the same length as the other

one. Those lines on the legs don't meet. The head is out of focus. What does this really matter? This is form — this is motion. It can be **felt**. This is art, if indeed it can be defined at all."

His students say the method works.

"Jack teaches you how to **feel** something and how to **see** things," says a young first-year student. "For example, a face is not just a matter of an outline. It's a whole thing made up of angles, shades and contours."

One particular student gets perhaps even more out of Lewis-Smith's method than the others in the class. He is a forty-year-old man who can neither hear nor communicate verbally with his teacher. In the two years he has taken instruction at the studio, the deaf-mute and his teachers have developed a language of their own. A gesture, a movement, or a facial expression is often all that's necessary to make a point; at other times, a word or two hastily scribbled on a piece of paper.

Lewis-Smith says he is particularly tuned-in to people with very special hang-ups. His own experiences and background have provided him with more than enough knowledge for this. Tossed from pillar to post all through his childhood, he arrived at university age confused, rebellious, insecure, and poor. He enrolled in the School of Fine Art at the University of Manitoba but lack of funds and his inability to accept University disciplines paved his academic road with rocks. It took him seven years to graduate.

Although he was without money, he looked for ways to establish an art school. He applied for a Canada Council grant. The Council was sympathetic but declined the opportunity to invest in the Lewis-Smith Art Studio.

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What Price Art?..

62½ cents continued

dio. It gave grants only to producing artists. He countered with the fact that he could not be a "producing artist" and operate a full-time school at the same time. The Council's reply this time was that there was no category under which they could give him a grant for his school.

He discovered about the same time that he could get assistance from the government if he would call his studio a trade school. He declined. Since then, the Lewis-Smith Studio has existed entirely on student fees. As Director of the Studio, Lewis-Smith earns almost 62½¢ an hour and could sue himself under the minimum wage laws. His first good luck walked through the Studio door late last year in the form of Kelly Clark. Dubbed by classmates as the most-likely-to-succeed Fine Arts graduate of 1958, Clark had left Canada to study in England under Oscar Kokoshka. His work won the praise of art critic Sir Herbert Read and has been hung in the permanent collection of several public galleries, notably the Winnipeg Art Gallery and the National Gallery in Ottawa.

Last year, back in Winnipeg once again, Clark became interested in the Lewis-Smith Studio, particularly in the Saturday sessions for children. His assistance has enabled the Studio to handle a class of over eighty children every Saturday, who tackle everything from cave building to sculpting animals on an excursion to the city zoo. With very little encouragement they'll even paint each other.

What is the future for Winnipeg's only surviving private art school? It may depend on how long Lewis-Smith can exist on less than \$3,000 a year.

Yet with some defiance Jack Lewis-Smith calls his operation a success for two big reasons. Because it's still in operation after three years, and because of the quality of students it is attracting. But when the director of a well-attended art school, a talented man enterprising enough to set up a well-run independent operation, is earning \$2,000 a year less than the deserving man who removes the garbage, some doubts may be legitimate as to the viability of the whole idea of private art schools in this city and indeed of the feasibility in 1967 of unsubsidized art schools in any city.

Next issue we will explore these questions. Communications on the subject will be welcomed.



Feature Writers

ROBERT LEDERMAN was ordained twenty years ago and is minister of Regents Park United Church, St. Vital, father of two teen-age children, husband of the Executive Director of the Church Home for Girls.

EDWARD SPEERS is a graduate chemical engineer and head of his own engineering research firm.

EDMUND SPRUNT, our Associate Editor, has been a newspaperman and magazine writer and editor for twenty years.

SHEILA BLEEKS, our Contributing Editor, has had wide experience in both publishing and public relations.

Films continued

len world can only begin with its recognition: a saviour can't save unless people realize that they are lost and the artist must constantly remind us of this.

At the end of the film a group of university students made up like white-faced clowns mime a tennis game in a field in the park. As the two players holding imaginary racquets strike an imaginary ball back and forth across a real net, the rest of the students watch with deadly earnestness, all their heads turning as one as the "ball" is volleyed. A little off to the

side the photographer, vaguely amused, looks on. Suddenly the "ball" is lobbed out of the court, lands near the photographer and the students all plead with him to return it so that they can continue their game. At first he refuses but as the pleading gets louder and more insistent he relents, picks up the 'ball', tosses it back, and disappears. This last scene recapitulates the entire movie. This experience in the park has shown him the true nature of the fallen world, that it is as pointless as a tennis game without a ball, but because he alone has had the vision and because he cannot share it with anyone else he loses it. He picks up the 'ball' and rejoins the game.

LEN ANDERSON is on the staff of the Department of English, University of Manitoba.

Sports continued

Unlike the Pan-American Games, this show will be a moneymaker. The facilities are already there, and only the lawnbowling greens will need a manicure.

Since there are no team sports in the Commonwealth Games, scheduling will be a cinch, and every event, including shooting, will be a sellout. Fewer athletes mean less money spent on food — a major expenditure here last July and August.

It's almost too good to be true. But then why shouldn't it be?

RON MEYERS is a Winnipeg lawyer with a continuing interest in sports.

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Television Martin Green



I wonder if anyone is aware of the quiet revolution going on in the corner of the nation's living rooms? Or that that pretentious glass screen, surrounded by equally pretentious "French provincial" or "American colonial", or just good old honest to goodness plastic, is the cause of it all?

T.V., this electronic marvel, has become so much part of our lives that it is taken for granted now, like the automobile, and the washing-machine, and the telephone, and the polaroid camera. So much so that it mainly tends to be ignored much of the time. Housewives switch it on first thing in the morning and it blathers away to itself until the soap-opera, the children stopping by occasionally for Bugs, and Milton and Casper; it gets some attention around six for the news and sports and then subsides to dull flickering for the rest of the evening, mindless program following mindless program, grey on grey. Except, of course, for the World Cup, the Grey Cup and Hockey night.

Television has been offered to us under many guises, but mainly as a panacea to our troubled minds, switch on and turn off! It has been accused from time to time of being vulgar, common, anti-intellectual, banal and just plain boring. Every new season the critics compete among themselves to be the most vituperative about the latest offerings, desperately thinking of something new and nasty to say of "Son of Fugitive" and "Lassie Go Home", endless recurring themes on endless recurring themes. And I must admit that even I, television addict that I am, can be driven to despair, particularly after the initial anticipatory bombardment, six or seven weeks long before the next 'very special season' goes over the top. Inevitably the good programs have been killed by that "eminence grise" the Nielsen rating, and the most successful trash from the other channels appears on their competitors' networks, mutilated but recognizable.

These new programs are absorbed by the equally mindless television public, a vague, amorphous body, living in a twilight world, eyes glazed, mechanical hands dipping into the peanuts or potato chips, beer can or coke on the right, heads never moving

but feet shuffling as though being bothered by the thought that maybe they should be doing something else.

But then, bang! Right in our living rooms, shoes off and belts loosened, we are brought up short and asked to face life. It all started innocently enough — brief reports from a far away war. First of all political and military, and then, as the conflict lengthened, on a more human questioning level despite the military overtones, suddenly we realized we were watching something more than military statistics; we were becoming involved with a nation's struggle and the conflict of ideologies. Who could fail to be moved and perturbed watching a nun burn herself to death in protest? Or when one saw villagers flushed from their homes, brutally questioned to establish their innocence or guilt? The impersonal and dispassionate inhumanity of war. Not that I intend this column to become Anti-Vietnam War — this is not the time nor the place. But all this does bring to mind a statement that Marshall McLuhan made awhile back (and I have been meaning to bring McLuhan's name into this just as soon as I could). He said that if there were no television there would be no war in Vietnam, his implication being that the Americans are deliberately fighting this war in order to play to the gallery of the world (he said this on television incidentally). I do not know whether he has revised his statement since but I should very much imagine that the Americans are cursing their whole-hearted embrace of the medium if this were true. Actually I am inclined to agree with Marshall McLuhan's statement but not his implication. To my mind, if there were no television there would be no war in Vietnam, because the Americans would have saturated the whole area with soldiers and/or bombs by now and no one would have been the wiser. That war and World War Three would have been over long ago and there would be precious little mind-stopping television in that brave new world. Television is actually working as a form of umpire-cum-prosecutor-cum defence and we are the judge and jury, embroiled in a very prolonged and agonizing trial, part of life.

Television may be lengthening the war but it is containing it.

Then we had a chance to attend the United Nations at a time when the whole world hovered on the brink of total war. We watched statesmen and diplomats make statements and excuses that would make even a sixth grader blush and realized that the statesmen will have to realize that things are different now that we are looking in. They will have to talk to us as well as their fellow diplomats, members of an exclusive club. The day of the 'big lie' is over; somehow the lies and excuses, charges and counter charges, accusations and counter accusations, acceptable and expected on the floor of the chamber, part of the game so to speak, appear childish, naive, false and exposed for what they are, and magnified in their monstrosity on the tube. They become unacceptable in its cold dispassionate light. The game's the same, but the rules have changed. You can only fool some of the people some of the time.

This is the quiet revolution at work; we are looking in, often by chance, at the world in action. This has never happened before. We have watched race riots and never been so involved or concerned before. That pretentious box in the corner, meant for our amusement, is making us participate.

Nearer home again, and speaking innocuously out of a standard news broadcast we watched children being parted from their foster mother in a particularly thoughtless and bureaucratic way and the wave of protest that followed will have far reaching effects on this problem. We saw our society as it is, we became involved and shared a child's and woman's anguish and distress. No other medium would have done this. Television forced us to participate.

As a matter of fact Canadian television for some reason has recently made us participate more and more. A whole rash of social and personal problems have flooded the box and overflowed into our living rooms. Abortion, prisons, air pollution, separatism and the Quebec problem have all had a fair amount of exposure on T.V. and it's interesting to conjecture on the effect television had on the recent Conservative party leadership tussle and the resultant effect on the future of the political parties in this country. I very much doubt that we could have got all that excited about it if just radio and newspapers were covering the story.

Coupled with this rash of public affairs is the excellent reporting being done by television. Camera work, editing and producing are all contributing to this, but it's the photography that seems to stand out and give so

much impact to the news. Dramatic close-ups of persons very involved in the immediate problems, well-lit against totally black backgrounds. The settings, when used, are disciplined, brief and simple with good use of supporting graphics or material instead of the old bitty, folksy, false window in the wall touch so favoured just a short while ago. And when the cameramen go out on location they could make most European film directors and cameramen envious — really cool photography — terrific! The whole effect is of an impressive professionalism that was sadly lacking not so long ago and is still missing on some of the American networks.

Funnily enough all the trials and tribulations that the C.B.C. went through recently seem to have borne fruit and we are getting some really good programs after the initial rather freshman attempts, the fallout from the prototype English B.B.C. programs.

Another contributor to this new wave in television, little realized, is the ubiquitous television ad. Long maligned but secretly enjoyed by most, the television ad has a unique problem; it has to get information over fast and effectively. To do this the producers of these shorts break all the rules of cinematography; rapid cuts, fast zooms, lightning pans have all

turn to page 48



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Chances are that a very important part of **your** education (or maybe your children's, or even your grandfather's) was the real business experience gained as an "after-school" employee in one of these stores.

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Letters continued

Sir:

May we congratulate you on your efforts in starting a magazine such as WINNIPEG WORLD in which full coverage is given to Greater Winnipeg — its achievements and hopes for the future.

A. SCHWARTZ, D.D.S.
Provincial Director
Progressive Conservative Party

Sir:

Good luck with WINNIPEG WORLD. You can put me down for a subscription. If I can be of any help to you, I'll do what I can.

T. F. CARNEY
Department of History
University College
University of Manitoba

How! Ne-to-tomatik!

Best wishes to you and your new publication. I will be a regular purchaser.

Wat-che-yay!

C. H. WITNEY
Minister of Health
Province of Manitoba

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Sir:

May I wish you every success in your new venture. Please consider me one of your first subscribers — that is, if you are accepting subscriptions.

J. F. REEH TAYLOR, LLB
Richardson & Company
Winnipeg

(Editor's Note: Congratulations, Mr. Taylor. You have just become a charter subscriber.)

Sir:

I am sure that WINNIPEG WORLD will find its place in publicizing Metropolitan Winnipeg and no doubt it will be well received. May I wish you every success.

GUY E. MOORE
Deputy Minister
Department of Tourism and
Recreation
Province of Manitoba

Sir:

WINNIPEG WORLD is an exciting venture and I know my colleagues in the architectural profession will join me in wishing you every success.

As a profession which has been intimately involved in the growth and development of Winnipeg, we are vitally interested in having the story of Winnipeg well told. I am pleased to note the high standard of graphic art which is already in evidence in your introductory material. I hope it will be possible for you to maintain a publication of real quality, both in form and content.

M. P. MICHENER
President
Manitoba Association of
Architects

Sir:

The idea for a magazine such as WINNIPEG WORLD is a commendable one indeed! Our Association will be more than pleased to promote the publication to members and associates.

(Mrs.) PEARL G. MORCOMBE
Manitoba Association of
Registered Nurses

Sir:

May I take this opportunity to congratulate you and your associates in fulfilling a real need in Greater Winnipeg and I offer you my best wishes for a highly successful publication.

J. E. NYKOLUK
Secretary
Manitoba Design Institute

Sir:

As one of the three largest women's art groups in the city, we are more than pleased to hear that Winnipeg will have its own magazine reflecting besides other things the city's art culture, which we believe is extensive considering Winnipeg's population. We will be more than happy to give you any assistance at any time. Every success in your new endeavour.

MRS. J. M. GILLIES
President, The Women's
Committee of the Winnipeg
Symphony Orchestra

Television continued

contributed to a new approach in film-making that has still to reach its final appreciation and potential; but in the meantime is giving us a visual exercise that is a delight to the eye and often to the mind. The television documentary is a happy beneficiary of some of these techniques. No doubt these techniques would have eventually arrived but the ad has speeded up the process and given us good television and incidentally good cinema as well.

So here is the quiet revolution at work and we are getting more information sooner, faster and more effectively, and because of this we are involved. Not that television is becoming the social conscience of the world, far from it. But it is emerging with a character and personality never anticipated. It has not become the mind-stopping medium suggested and even secretly desired by some, despite the incredible churning out of purile programs every season. Neither has it become the 1984-type syndrome prophesied by the intellectuals who still eschew television without realizing that it is one of the unique communication systems for remaining in touch with the world and its problems, and that any opinions they have and hold forth on lack some of the balance and perspective that "viewing" our life and our times might give them.

MARTIN GREEN, a graphics designer from England headed the design department of the Manitoba Museum of Man and Nature until recently, although he will continue to handle design projects for the Museum.

Can Manitoba Plug The Brain Drain? continued

could be provided on a permanent loan or lease-back basis.

3) **Improved technical library facilities** — we currently average three out of eleven when trying to obtain technical support data from our Winnipeg libraries. With the "technical explosion", more advanced reference facilities are mandatory.

4) **Working capital** — INRAD maintains that funding for Manitoba industrial research requirements can be adequately handled by a \$500,000 initial grant for building and equipment with subsequent support of \$200,000 a year for ten years, or a total outlay of \$2.5 million over ten years. At the end of this time the operation could be self-supporting from contract research and from royalties on in-house developments put out for industrial and commercial exploitation.

We envision, radiating from INRAD, the planning and design of growth industries; for example, a potato starch plant. The demand for potato starch is increasing and the market for starch derivatives is a profitable one. Financially, an agreement would have to be made with the Department of Agriculture to ensure a cull potato supply at a price not over 0.4 cents per pound. INRAD would undertake the design and development of the new products, processes and manufacturing facilities, supervise the plant erection (although the actual construction would be for others in the engineering field) and maintain a continuing product and process development service. Once the plant is in operation the Manitoba Development Fund, say, would offer public participation, similar to the example of the Alberta Government's financing of the Alberta Gas Trunk Lines. In this way the Fund would recover its investment at a suitable profit and the plant would then be a private enterprise endeavour.

Against sales in each of these developments a percentage royalty would accrue to INRAD. On this basis it should be possible to develop a self-supporting research and development facility with a relatively modest investment of funds.

In summary then, we feel that INRAD's program as outlined above

would increase Manitoba's industrial potential in the following ways:—

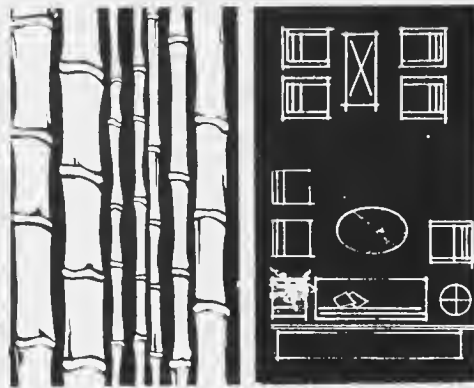
1. Establishment of a technical milieu in Manitoba which would attract the top quality professionals, an absolute necessity if Manitoba industry is to progress. This would also serve to hold the technical people already here and prevent our graduates from automatically seeking employment in other provinces.
2. Establishment of an integrated coherent research, design and de-

velopment complex to which any local industry, no matter how small, could come for answers to its problems.

3. Establishment of an industry-oriented technical group to fill the gap between research and the final product.
4. The possibility of establishment of a multi-million dollar industry in fuel cells with its attendant benefits in increased employment, earnings and prestige.



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Back of the Book

To look at me, you would never suspect that I frequent the swingiest joint in the middle-west. Neither would you ever suspect that the swingiest joint in the middle west is a barbershop.

How I, a matron of monumental respectability and substantial proportion, happen to sally into this mod haven every three or four weeks, is a

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tale that fascinates even me.

But, when one carelessly lets 12 years elapse between sons, one must make all sorts of adjustments.

I used to saunter into a very clean, elderly barbershop, peopled by clean, elderly barbers, and Reid would scramble up into the chair and let the nice man cut his hair.

And then, just when you think you know all there is to know about barbershops, you go and get pregnant again.

When it was quite obviously time for Richard to have his hair cut I waltzed him into the same old familiar shop into which I had waltzed his big brother a hundred times before. Rich began to cloud up as soon as we got inside the door, I noticed, but I was pretty confident that the whole thing would go off swimmingly.

Well, in kindness to Rich, barber Dan and me, it's best just to say that it was a bloody awful ordeal.

The next few months saw a dreary repetition of this whole ghastly business, until one day Reid said to me — "Maybe he doesn't like that barber-shop. Why don't you take him somewhere else?" And so we set out, looking for the Perfect Barber. We went from portal to portal, but always it was the same sad story. Rich was nearly 2½ when we stumbled over Bobbie-Boy — and the swingiest joint in the middle west.

The whole place is just a little bigger than our bathroom. They had polka dot sheets to cover their customers, and the two young gentlemen who ran the place leapt about with great vigor and charm, considering the tightness of their pants and the size of their cowboy boots. They labored cheerfully under large signs which read "Complete Styling — \$4.50".

I was about to leave, feeling that I may have happened onto Something Funny, when I saw Rich plopped down onto a seat while the dark one said things like "Come on now Man — you're not gonna cry for old Bobbie-Boy" — and with that Rich began to laugh. And Bobbie-Boy began to cut his hair.

I sat back to watch the whole thrilling performance, but my attention was caught — to say the least — by a young man who had arrived and lowered himself sensuously into the other chair. First of all, he was soothed by the gentle tones of the Other Barber enquiring how his set had lasted. I

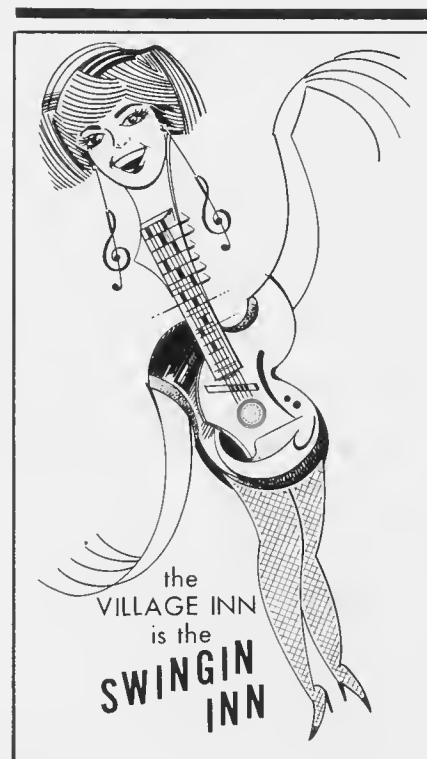
sat bolt upright at this, I can tell you. I watched, while he was tucked into his pink-polka-dotted sheet, and had his red, wiry hair washed with some heavenly-scented shampoo. He had a massage with some sort of a gadget that looked like a mixette.

Then, abruptly, a fast change of pace, and his hair was shaped. That means cut, incidentally, and then it was blown, with a hand vacuum-cleaner sort of thing. And then it was brushed — not a hundred, but a million times. Finally, a dainty pink net was gently placed over the whole, and his fiery mop was sprayed to a fare-thee-well.

Meanwhile, back at the Bobbie-Boy chair, there sat my second son, his hair finally, perfectly, beautifully, cut — and it turned out that he was really a rather nice-looking child.

So — that's why you can find me in this kicky little joint at fairly regular intervals. Since that first stunning day, I have seen dozens of men in pink hair nets, and I have become just as blasé as Red about this queer, modern ritual. I listen to Bobbie-Boy tell Rich about his sky-diving experiences, and what he does at nights, I feel, is really none of my business anyway.

Eileen Lillico



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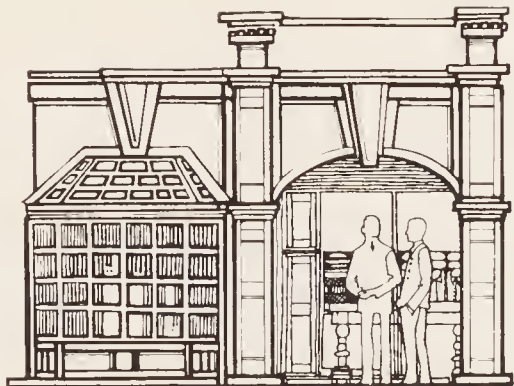
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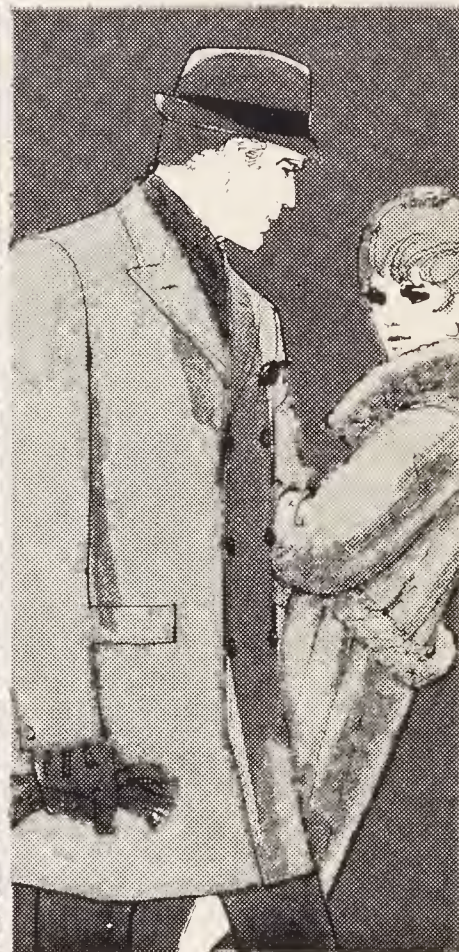
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